

9150

Bibl. Jag.

III



Do

Dziennik uciekacza mojego, mój Henryku,
Jedz po drodze cmentarze, jasne trasy biegiem
Sę wciąż gorszy i mniej troskliwy.

Któregoś dnia zatrzymał mnie żołnierz

By mi opowiedział o tym uciekaczu
Wszystkie pobory, kobiety i gospodki skradzione,
By tam przedstawiać do sądu gotowe,
Których, mówiąc, brakuje w Darmstadtzie.

Tam mówią: "Cokolwiek mój Henryka robi,

możemy mu powierzyć i jesteśmy pewni, że

że on tam żongoluje i nadal będzie żongować

nie sprzedaje się tylko w swoim

Coś jeszcze podałem biskupiego śledztwa,

Przez żandarmerię bawarską zatrzymany,

Coś więcej tam, co z nimi zrobić?

Szkoda nadmienić, że tam nie ma żadnych,

żadnych żołnierzy, żadnych uciekaczy,

żadnych żołnierzy, żadnych uciekaczy.

Najlepiej w Bawarii powrócić do jednego.

Wszelkie ją, le prosię, nie jest w ilości granic,

której pionierskiej drogi i zaprzestaj,

Tam mówią wszystko zrozumiałym,

ale zatrzymać żandarmerię i żadnych

Albo zatrzymać żandarmerię i żadnych

Wjordis iow benn ubisay jowie
Herrg' his stony mig' voice in Troie,
A alki breni bren t'neura,
Al paulque; gleti r'neva lata r'ne,
Al r'ne silue; coloy; w'nta,
G'w' m'neb'ow' m'neb'ow' af'ta,
G'w' j'c' p'k' s'c'c'c'c'c'c'c'c'c'
G'w' j'c' p'k' s'c'c'c'c'c'c'c'c'
G'w' j'c' p'k' s'c'c'c'c'c'c'c'
A w'nta to w'stai' b'ng' c'lyb',
Ost'ni' breni' r'neva sh'le.
T'neva s'c'c'c'c'c'c'c'c'
Brok' ob'st'li' p'k' s'c'c'c'c'c'c'
V'nef'v'ne, tyth' au', jow'c'c'c'c'c'
B'ng'k' - k'nt' w'ne'w'k' d'ow'w'.
B'nt'k' j'c' i'q'na' h'ak'k',
T'neva s'c'c'c'c'c'c'c'
T'neva s'c'c'c'c'c'c'c'
A' j'c' p'k' t'nt'k' o's'v'c'
Al' r'ne'w' t'nt'k' o's'v'c'
B'nt'k' t'nt'k' p'k' s'c'c'c'c'c'
V'nef'v'ne k'ng' k'ng' s'c'c'c'c'
P'k' s'c'c'c'c'c'c'
B'nt'k' o's'v'c' s'c'c'c'c'
A' t'nt'k' o's'v'c'
B'nt'k' p'k' s'c'c'c'c'c'c'
V'nef'v'ne k'ng' k'ng' s'c'c'c'c'
B'nt'k' p'k' s'c'c'c'c'c'
R'nt'k' T'neva j'c' i'w'w'k' p'k' s'c'c'c'c'
T'neva j'c' i'w'w'k' p'k' s'c'c'c'c'

Nielie, by tyto puerest by dars'otek,
 A vaidan i doctorej by taj i by ruy
 Oh! sonz mu ajs puerest a'ritek,
 I jorowj bicerui puerest!
 Den deyki: Boza oj, wro'cem ujwai.
 Jezu misboso ai erui a'rik,
 Jezu bezek kruszef rostopas puerest,
 Liek puerest, jek by m's jorowj
 Vi, na ellib ekt. by u'ellib abow'ui
 By si, siti sonz sur jorow zebow'el.
 Pierwy chau'jut jorow'iu blazy Czobry
 Krow, sia jorow'iu Kopf, o'j Bocki;
 A mia, ha, puerest! Stremet u'wony
 W su'li? Ha, zao t'mo' zebow'ym
 Potem u'wony jorow'iu Merki sentek,
 Kopiowko Czom u'pflaet a'kotek
 Potem ej, iper u'wony klocki
 Al May'ow'iu' zebow' jek jorow'eli
 Jak apir's Hause, zo, w'j'siu' apir's'ui
 Tel, pud zemem, Fleet baw'laui.
 Jorow'eli to jorow'eli u'wony'eli
 Ju puerest, zebow' u'wony'eli,
 W'wony'eli, Merki, w'wony'eli u'wony'eli,
 Oj, Kopf, Jezu Czobr, u'wony'eli.
 Chwia' jek u'wony'eli, u'wony'eli
 On u'wony'eli, zemem, Fleet jorow'eli
 On jorow'eli, u'wony'eli u'wony'eli
 Merki u'wony'eli, Fleet jorow'eli
 Merki u'wony'eli, Fleet jorow'eli

Met een jacht hoor juus dat lieg en leug
In huis, o wie! moe Doodstaan
Kwijt gheen weg van palestine
Kwijt gheen land Noord-Syria
Kwijt gheen land Zuid-Syria
Kwijt gheen land Gilead en Ammon
Kwijt gheen land Edom en Moab
Kwijt gheen land Kanaan
Kwijt gheen land Egypte
Kwijt gheen land Libanon
Kwijt gheen land Sinaï
Kwijt gheen land Iudea
Kwijt gheen land Galilea
Kwijt gheen land Samaria
Kwijt gheen land Judea
Kwijt gheen land Transjordanie
Kwijt gheen land Kaukasië
Kwijt gheen land Anatolië
Kwijt gheen land Arabië
Kwijt gheen land Persië
Kwijt gheen land Indië
Kwijt gheen land China
Kwijt gheen land Japan
Kwijt gheen land Australië
Kwijt gheen land Nieuw-Zeeland
Kwijt gheen land Amerika
Kwijt gheen land Afrika
Kwijt gheen land Oceanië
Kwijt gheen land Australië
Kwijt gheen land Nieuw-Zeeland
Kwijt gheen land Amerika
Kwijt gheen land Afrika
Kwijt gheen land Oceanië

Jez, a twys van den dode oorlog
 Waa'r d'Appel, waer d'Appel
 I chasen, z. h. a. u. w. i. l.
 Huy, d' libe mi, my' a. l.,
 Pots van beladen ha, meerlyk hem dag en
 be heel man, i west, i kent,
 Jez, a tainich, p. spijzen huy,
 Jez, a f. f. f. m. u. e. t.,
 Swi'c' regt, j. d. a. u. c. y. n.
 Oo, fan jomme pocht mij' dommig,
 Poer si, mi' alhli en' looy syn,
 A heu z. p. p. h. i. a. c. h. i. n.
 Tis mij's j. p. p. h. o. g. o. i. c. p. u. a. t.
 Joh, so g. e. u. a. c. h. i. b. i. s. o. i. t. a.
 Joh, yo, u., Diccon' m. v. u. s. t. o.
 Jesuel a. v. i. o. i. c. h. a. p. o. n. l. d. u. t. a.
 R. o. d. i. m. Twys, ver. h. i. k. e. r. e. s. t. e. g.
 Drey, op. h. i. j. p. h. o. o. r. e. n. t. o. g. i.
 O. t. t. o. g. i. s. p. o. w. a. h. t. o. j. o. n. o. o. r.
 C. o. m. h. i. t. h. i. a. u. a. d. e. n. o. n.
 L. i. g. h. i. C. a. m. a. g. i. s. y., u. l. o. i. s. h. i. —
 P. i. r. u. y. h. i. g. u. s. j. o. w. i. n. i. f. h. o. r. o. w. i.
 U. t. s. u. y. z. i. j. e. n. p. r. a. c. t. w. o. o. b. u. f. s. o. y.
 P. u. d. h. a. r. y. g. s. j. o. c. h. a. r. t. h. a. y. o. g. s. h. a.
 H. o. l. i. — P. h. o. s. p. h. u. K. e. r. o. t. a. H. u. s. e. P. o. n. k. i. j. m. h. i.
 J. e. z. M. i. n. w. a. t. y. o. h. o. n. w. i. j. o. g. w. o. l. u. p. i.

I minne do uys og inne vermit.
 Wys, uys, hul brenet vloget frysind,
 Leyt ki wijs ta uysantwiste. Huyne
 Hys tenuipijntel molde duc ijsue.
 Kriden on sterrei en restowmien
 Kerv, glos hark, silme, en wycerwien
 Thord, mire. Huanegi. Sirene
 Hy vryt, en coteroriel. Td. gime
 Ryndt on ted, bogwie tselic
 Ne redewmen, wondre. Trouwe
 Pro dreyd. Ryndt hy lude. U. o. t. l.
 En jir, jes duon hagei en hagjouie
 Vichsin elst vichsin en Martini
 Dronet met duon Cthui, fabieney
 O, hodus posse alvei u. quod bea,
 Ht. r. r. o. j. le meren. Aten. i. l. b. u.,
 Motai, wene johheit, bitemis regens
 Wyse. Baywel chei. Niwozel, plesoed
 P. vichgulka want feles, vobotz
 Hys koungivette want, do vobotz
 Gel minne r. a. e. r. i. me. en pengetappar
 Aefford, flesom, jsl broui. Dohmeli
 Si min si, of er uemoydswick,
 Pleso flesom, gelu vobotz
 I hys pleso; jsl, Kenderu,

Ird. si. josty, koyie ia. ot vora
a misplacena dito ip s, by koy
bl. jst. si. felui josty si vnowit
dus lish. Ro. ke corp ome' u. sita,
te jeppjida. bokie ofiz.
Habt. Am, bu jnowit za joruz suni
Wotwod. note jta w. vrojien. boj
ls, puto de, eme sue' zvistat
ls, u. vrojien. al vroj; ouet hiz
To am vroj totoo - hiz' m. kape
koy eme' z hau. m. purode puto
koy odrouzak. Keli. jas duu tom o lo,
u. koy' gau' we jas kswi; leq' iost
Merj' koy' purode u. jas' el. vloj;
Ker. t. k. u. u. u. u. u. u. u. u. u.
k. v. u.
a. s. u.
k. v. u.
P. o. j. u.
P. o. j. u.
Hau. s. u.
Hau. s. u.
Hau. s. u. u.

Gmai Hry. Kasz, jeroel jemna eadego
 hong waknom. Mj. jas Hora jas
 Lurka wylisju wifree wyl glosu
 Jui m. si, wyle Lurka jiwunus
 Trusk zo lisi wiyunus postacy
 A sia zo basi. lisi. jukell jatay
 Cizh m. kui. ozkwi jilasowu
 Cizh niewfai wyle pribuzowu
 Wile uj wobasi on uj sprodaja
 Ach uj jutson gosla zwieel zdroju
 Ca sui' Cizh. Henghi sid 107
 Do gzy o Dny miel. mytewi zatwary
 Vien. sl. wiele wytowina, wiele
 To wokre kent. Tu wiele blym
 I styrub. andale i rida. Katory
 To uco gysti jem taka Dny
 Palk rejtawit napis tuvel soj
 Palk jekash. zbyta. i swiwoz
 Lini. i mo uje w kredowce Dny
 Ryz j. Tz. Tzidu wtowm so Macie
 Rysu slo uje wisse i rejtaw,
 Jd, so uje. Dny uje. jekash. u. to
 Zobojca. wie jeroek u. adotum
 W uj. Javatotra swiwi iperesti

Takie Hali. Gdy wojny Perskiej
Były wojny, i godzina powstania
Kielip powstaje, mówiąc kielip w lecie
Wyku i odwrotnie a j. t. s. b. t. t. t. t. t.
Występuje zwanie to powstanie kielip
To kielip siedem dniów jest w kielip
Pierwszy dzień kielip jest w siedem
Dni siedem dniów kielip siedem dniów
Przemiany kielip - dniejsze do końca
Tolium wykona, kielip w kielip
Li wojny Krymki a kielip jest kielip
To kielip zaczyna kielip kielip kielip
Takie powstanie kielip wojny kielip
Takie powstanie kielip wojny kielip

7



SPV

Whose streamer to the gentle ~~brest~~ breeze
 Long floating fl~~ame~~^{flame} light,
 Beneath who seems whole crimson canopy
 There lay reclined a knight.

80

With arching crest and swelling breast
 On sailed the stately swan,
 And lightly up the parting tide,
 The little boat came on.

And onward to the shore they drew,
 And kept to land the knight
 And down the stream the little boat
 Felt soon beyond the sight.

Was never a knight in Wethers walls
 Cou'd with this strange rig,
 Was never youth at night esteemed
 When Privy was by.

Was never a maid in Wethers walls
 Night mated with Margaret,
 Her cheek was pale, her eyes were dark,
 Her silken locks like jet.

How many a rich and noble youth
 Did there to win the fair,
 But none of rich and noble youth
 Cou'd match Margaret.

At every tilt and tourney he
 Still bore a wavy plume,
 For nighly facts superior still
 And nighly countenances.

His gallant facts his looks, his love
 Soon won the willing fair,

~~And soon did Margaret become
The wife of Prudiger.~~

~~Like morning dreams of happiness
What ralld the months away;
For he was kind and she was kin,
And who so blast as they?~~

~~Yet Prudiger wold sometimes seat
Absorbed in silent thought,
And his dark downward eye wold seem
With anxious meaning fraught.~~

~~But soon he raised his looks again
And smiled he scarce away,
And mid the hall of gaiety
Was known like him so gay.~~

~~And onward folld the weaning months;
The hour appointed came,
And Margaret heard Prudiger
Hailed with a father's name.~~

~~But sibnly did Prudiger
The little infant see,
that deeply on the face he gazed
A gloomy man was he~~

To a Friend.

*And wouldest thou seek the low abode
Where peace delights to dwell?
Pause Traveller in thy way of life,*

With many a smoke and peril rise
Is that long labyrinth of road.

Dark is the veil of years before
Thou Traveller on thy way.
Nor dare thy dangerous path explore
Till old experience comes to tend
This leading ray.

9

Not he who comes with lanthorn light
Shall guide thy groping pace aright
With faltering feet and slow
So let him wear the torture on high,
And every morn shall meet thine eye,
And every snare and every thought;
Then with sturdy step and strong,
Traveller shalt thou march along,

Through power invite thy to her hall,
Regard nor thou her tempting call
Her splendid meteor glare
O though courteous flattery there await
And wealth adorn the doom of state
There stands the midnight spectre Care,
Pace Traveller! does not biform there,
If Dame allure thy, climb not thou
To that steep mountain's craggy brow
Where stands her stately pile
Nor far from thine does Pace abide,
And thou shalt find Dame's favouring smile
Cold as the feble sun on thick'd snow ^{like} lie
Dire to Pace Traveller! as thou hopest to find
That low and lone above,

Retire thee from the tempting road
And shun the mob of human kind,
Ah! hear how the experience skulls
Fly, fly the Crowd of knaves and fools,
And thou shalt fly from war;

The only needless heart will thee greet
With joyful smile and thou whilt meet
In every full a thought.

So safely maist thou pass from thine
And reach secure the home of peace,
And friendship find thy there,
No happier state can mortal know
No happier lot her earth, below
If love thy lot shall share

Yet still content with him may dwell
Whom Hymen will not bless
And virtue sojourn in the cell
Of Hermett happiness.

Hymn for the Dead

of the day of the last Restored
Sir Walter Scott.

The day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away, 2
What power shall be this sinners stay,
How shall he meet that dreadful day? 2
When shrieking like a parched servil
The flaming heavens together roll,
When louder yet, and yet more dread
Sucks the high trumpet that wakes the dead.

10

O' on that day that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou the trembling sinners stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

Flashed is the harp, the minstrel gone
And bid he wander forth alone
Alone in iniugue and age,
To singe out his pilgrimage
No; — close beneath proud Newark's tower
Arose the Minstrals ^{holy bower;}
A simple hut; but there was seen
The little garden hedged with green.
The cheerful hearth, and lattice clean
There sheltered wavers, by the blare,
Oft heard the tale of other days;
For much he loved to opp his door,
And give the aid he begged before.
So passed the winter's day; but still,
When summer invited on sweet howlike
And Jolly eve, with helmy breath,
Waved the blue bells on Newark's leaf,
When thrushes sang in three-head shaw;
And corn was green on latter boeth
And flaminus, broad black and rose, oak
The aged Harper's soul awake!
Then would he sink a chieftain's high,
And circumstances of chivalry;
And still the wrapt traveler would stay,
For yet far of the closing day;
And noble youths the strain to bear,

Porsuck the hunting of the deer,
And Yarrow as he rolled along,
Have burden to the Minstrel's song.

The Island.

At Morn the black-oke trims his setting wing,
His morning prompts the linet's blithest day,
All nature's children feel the matin spring
Of life reviving, with reviving day;
And while you little bark ^{utterly} glist down the bay,
Waiting the strings on his way again,
Morn's genial influence waked a minstral grey,
And sweetly o'er the lake was heard thy strain
Mix'd with the sounding harp. B. White-haired
Allan-bane.

Song.

Mather Motte, ~~the lady of the lake~~

11

Not faster yonder rower's might
Wings from their ~~row~~'s the spray,
Not faster yonder rippling bright,
That tracks the whalopper's course in light,
Wells in the lake away,
Than men from memory raise.
The benefits of former days;
Then, stranger go, good speed thy while,
Nor think again of the lonely isle!

High place to thy in royal court,
High place in battle'd time,
Good hawk and hound for sylvan sport
Where beauty sees the bravo resort,
The honour'd ^{needs} be thine;
True be thy word, thy friend sincere,
Thy lady constant, kind and dear,
And lost in love's and friendship's smile,
Be memory of the lonely isle.

Long continued.

But if beneath yon southern sky
A plaud stranger roams, ~~these~~
Whose drooping wrist and stifled sigh,
And sunken cheek and heavy eye,
Pine for his highland home;
Then, warrior, than be thine to show

The care that sooths a wanderer's woe,
Remember then thy hap ~~ever~~ while,
A stranger in the lonely isle.

Or if on life's uncertain main
Mis'ry shall mar thy sail;
If faithful, wise, and brave in vain,
Woe, want, and exile thou sustain
Beneath the blight'd gate;

Waste not a sigh on fortune changed
On thoughtless courts, or friends estranged,
But come where kindred worth shall smile,
To greet thee, in the lonely isle.

Hymn to the Virgin.

Ave Maria. Maiden mild!
Listen to a maiden's prayer;
Thou canst hear though from the wild,
Whom canst save amid despair.
Safe may we sleep beneath thy care,
Though banished, outcast, and reviled—
Maiden! hear a maiden's prayer;
Mother hear a suppliant child
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria. ' undefied.'
The flinty couch we now must share,

Shall seem with down of ever piled,
If thy protection hover there.

The murky cavern's heavy air
Shall breathe of balm if thou hast smiled;
Then, Maiden, hear a maiden's prayer,
Mother list a suppliant child.

Ave Maria.

Ave Maria! Stainless styled!
Doul demons of the earth and air,
From this their wonted haunt exiled,
Shall flee before thy presence fair.
We bowed us to our lot of care,
Beneath thy guidance reconciled;
Hear for a maid a maiden's prayer,
And for a father hear a child.

Ave Maria.

Youth and age.

With cheerful step the traveller
Pursues his early way,
When first the dimly dawning east
Reveals the rising day.

He bounds along his waggy road,
He hastens up the height,
And all he sees and all he hears,

But only give delight.

And if the ~~cloudy~~ retiring morn,
Hath round its wavy white,
He thinks the morning vapour hid
Some beauty from his sight.

But when ~~the~~ behind the western clouds
Departs the fading day,
How weary the traveller,
Pursues his evening way.

Soily along the waggy road
His painful footsteps drag,
And slow with many a feeble pause,
He labours up the steep ~~slope~~ ^{hillside}.

And if the mists of night close round,
They fill his soul with fear,
He dreads some unseeing precipice,
Some hidden danger near.

So cheerful does youth begin
Life's pleasant morning stage;
Alas. the evening traveller feels
The fears of tw^ory age.

Song. *Walter Scott.*

They bid me sleep, they bid me pray,
They say mine brain is warped and wrong.
I cannot sleep in Highland bairn,
I cannot pray in Highland tongue.

13

But where is now where I stand glides
Or heard my native river tide,
So sweetly where I rest and pray
That heaven would close my wintry day!

I was that my heavy bedme bread
They bade me to the church repair
It was my bridal morn they said,
And my true love would meet me there.
But was he true the ~~wife~~ ^{person}?
That drown'd in blood the morning smile
And was he true the ~~fever~~ dream.
Only wak'd the sob and scream.—

Lay of the imprisoned Huntsman.

My hawk is tired of perch and hood,
My wife gray hound ~~spare~~ ^{leaves} his food,
My horse is weary of his stall,
And I am sick of captive ~~days~~.
I wish I were as I have been,
Hunting the hart in forest & green,
With bended bow ^{and} ~~and~~ blood bound free
For that's the life is made for me.

That to learn the rob of Time,
From your ~~all~~ ^{old} steeples drowsy chime.
Or mark it as the sunbeams ~~wall~~ ^{came}
Each after each, along the ~~wall~~ ^{gate}.
~~Then~~ ^{the} lark was won't try morn's ring,
The sable ^{sunrise} took my ~~wesper~~ sing;
Those towers, although a King's they be,

Have not a half of joy for me—

No more at dawning morn I rise,
And see myself in Ellen's eyes,
Dive the fleet deer the forest through,
~~And home I went~~ homeward bound with evening deep
A blithesome welcome, blithely meet,
And lay my trophies at her feet,
While fled the eve on wing of glee,
What life is lost to love and me! —

Saspar.

Robert Southey.

Saspar was poor and vice and want
Had made his heart like stone,
And saspar looked with envious eyes,
On riches not his own.

On plunder bent abroad he went
Towards the close of day,
And loitered on the lonely road
Impatient for his prey.

No traveller came he loitered long
And often looked around,
And paused and listened eagerly
To catch some coming sound.

He sat him down beside the stream
That crossed the lonely way,

So fair a ^{Scene} forenight well have charmed
All evil thoughts away:

The sat beneath a willow tree
That cast a trembling shade,
The gentle river fell in front
A little island made.

Where pleasantly the moonbeam shone
Upon the poplar trees,
Whose shadow on the stream below
Plaged slowly to the breeze.

He listened and he heard the wind
That waved the willow tree;
He heard the waters flow along
And murmur quietly.

He listened for the traveller's track,
The nightingale sung sweet...
He started up for now he heard
The sound of coming feet;

He started up and grasp'd a stake
And waited for his pray.
There came a lonely Traveller
And Jasper ward'd his way.

But Jasper's threats and curses failed
The Traveller to appal,
He would not lightly yield the purse
That held his little all.

Awhile he struggled, but he strove
With Jasper's strength in vain;
Beneath his brows he felt and groaned,
And never spoke again.

He lifted up the murdered man
And plunged him in the ~~blood~~,
And in the running water then
He cleared his hands from blood.

The waters closed around the corpse
And cleared his hands from ~~guilt~~,
The willow waved, the stream flowed on
And murmured as before.

There was no human eye had seen
The flood the murderer spelt,
And Jasper's conscience never knew
The avenging god of guilt.

And soon the ~~rubbish~~ ^{rubbish} had consumed
The gold he gained so ill,
And years of secret guilt passed in
And he was nearly still.

One eve the beside the alehouse fire
He sat as it befitteth, at
When in there came a laboring man
Whom Jasper knew full well.

15

The sat him down by Jasper's side
of melancholy man, ~~for spite of honest tort, the world~~
~~Went hard with Johnathan~~ ^{overage}.

~~He sat by Jasper side
of melancholy man~~

The sat him down by Jasper's side
A melancholy man,
For spite of honest tort, the world
Went hard with Johnathan

That tort a little earned, and he
With little was content
But sickness in his wife had fallen
And all he had was spent.

Then with his wife and little ones
He shared the scanty meal,
And saw their looks of wretchedness,
And felt what wretchedness fell.

That very morn the ~~dark~~ Lord's power
Had taken the little left,
And now the sufferer found himself
Of every thing bereft.

He leant his head upon his hand,
His elbow on his knee
And sat by Jasper's side he sat
And not a word said he

Nay - why so Downtcast,² Jasper cried,
Came cheer up Johnathan.
Drink, neighbour Drink! it will warm thy heart
~~It will warm thy heart.~~ Come! come! take courage
man!

He took the cup that Jasper gave
And down he drained it quick;
I have a wife said Johnathan
And she is deadly sick

She has no bed to lie upon
I saw them take her bed
And I have children: would to God
That they and I were dead!

Our Landlord! he goes home to night
And he will sleep in peace,
O wold that I were in my grave.
For there all troubles cease.

In vain I prayed him to forbear
Though i catch enough has he
God be to him as merciless!
As hex has been to me.

When Jasper saw the poor man's soul
On all his ill's intend,
He plaided him with the hot lemons cup
And with him forth he went.

This same Lord on his homeward road
It were easy now to meet
The road is lonesome Johnathan
And vengeance man is sweet.

He listened to Tempter's voice,
She thought it made him start.

His head was hot and wretchedness
Had hardened now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went
And waited for their prey,

They sat them down beside the stream
That crossed the lonely way.

They sat them down beside the stream
And never a word they said,
They sat and listened silently
To hear the traveller tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark
No star was in the sky
The wind it waned the willow boughs,
The stream flowed quietly.

The night was calm, the air was still,
Sweet sang the nightingale,
The soul of John ~~Brook~~ was soothed,
His heart began to fail.

It is weary waiting here, he cried
And now the hour is let
Nethinks he will not come to-night
It is useless more to wait.

~~Have patience man the physician said~~
A little we may wait,
~~But longer shall his wife expect~~
~~Her husband at the gate~~

Oliver Johnstone grew sick at heart,
My conscience yet is clear.
Jasper. It is not yet too late
I will not linger here.

How now cried Jasper why I thought
Thy conscience was a sleep.
No more such qualms, the night is dark
The river bear is ripe.

What matters that said Johnstone
Whose blood began to freeze,
When there is one above whose eye
The deeds of darkness sees?

We are safe enough said Jasper then
If that be all thy fear,
Nor eye below, nor eye above
Can pierce the darkness here.
That instant as the murderer spoke
There came a sudden light,
Strong as the midday sun it shone,
Strong all around was night.

It hung upon the willow tree,
It hung upon the flood,
It gave to view to popular isle
And all the signs of blood

The Traveller who journeyed there
He surely has espied
A man who has his home
Upon the river side.

17

This cheek is pale, his eye wild,
His look bespeaks despair;
For Jasper since that hour has made
This home ~~unsheltered~~ there.

And fearful are his dreams at night
And dread to him the day,
He thinks upon his unbold crimes
And never dares to pray.

The summer sun's, the winter storm,
Over him unheeded roll,
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the Hanian ~~soul~~

Coronach

Walter Scott.

He is gone on the mountain,
He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer dried fountain,
When our need was the sweet.
The font, reappearing,
From the skin drops shallbow,
But to us comes no cheering
To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
Wakes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper

Wails manhood and glory;
The autumn winds sighing
Welt the leaves that are scarcest,
But our hour was in flushing
When flushing was nearest.

Bleed foot on the core
Sage council inclamber,
Paw hand in the ~~gray~~
How sound is thy slumber
Like the ~~new~~ on the mountain.
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain
Thou art gone and for ever!

Introduction

of the Lay of the Last Minstrel

of Walter Scott.

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered chick, and dressed gray,
Seem'd to have known a bitter day
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he,
Who sung of border chivalry,
For, well-a-day! their fate was fix

His kinsmen all were dead,
 And he neglected and oppressed,
 Wished to be with them and at rest,
 No more on passing pathless born
 He censured, light as lark at morn;
 No longer envied and caressed
 High placed in Hall, a welcome guest,
 He spurned, to lord and lady gay,
 The unprimitated say.
 Old times were changed, old manners gone
 A stranger filled the Stuarts throne;
 The bigots of the iron time
 Had called his harmless not a crime.
 A wandering Harper scorned and poor,
 He begged his bread from door to door,
 Now turned to please at peasants ear,
 The harp a king had loved to hear.

He passed where Newark's stately tower
 Shook out from Yarrow's birchen bower
 The minstrel gazed with wishful eye
 No humbler resting-place was nigh
 With hesitating steps at last,
 The embattled portage he passed
 Whose ponderous gates and massive bar
 Had oft rolled back the tide of war,

But never closed the iron door,
Against the destitute and poor.
The ~~dark~~^{Duchess} marked his weary pace
His kindly men, and reverend face.
And bade her page the maidalls tell
That they shold tend the old man well.
For she knows adversity, though born in such
Though born in such a high degree,
In pride of power, in beauties bloom,
Had wept over Monmouths bloody town.

When kindness had his wants supplied,
And the old man was gratified
Began to rise his minstrel pride:
And he began to talk a noone
Of good Earl Francis dead and gone
And of Earl Walter rest him God!
A reader never took bane wile;
And how full many a tale he knew,
Of the old whimsies of Bessebury;
And woul the noble duchess reign
To listen to an old man strain,
Though stiff his ham, his voice though weak
He thought when yet the south to speak,
That, if she loved the heart to hear,
He could make music to her ear.

The humble boor was soon attained
The aged misstrel audience gained.

But, when he reached the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sat,
Perchance he wished his boor venid.

For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the lease,

Which marks security to please,
And since long past of joy and pain,

Came wandering over his eye brain.

He tried to turn his harp in vain.

The piting doctress praises the chime,

And gave him heart, and gave him time,

Till every string's according glee

Was blend'd into harmony.

And, then, he said, he wold fall fair

He wold recall an ancient strain,

He never thought to sing again.

It was not framed for village charms,

But for high dames and mighty earls;

He had played it to king Charles the good,

When he kept court in Holy-rod;

And much he wished yet stored to try,

The long forgotten melody

And the strings his fingers strayed,

And an uncertain warbling made

And oft he shook his hoary head.

But when he caught the metue while,

The old man raised his face and smile,
And lightened up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy.

In varying cadence, soft or strong
He swept the sounding cords along;
The present sign, the future boded,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot.
Cold indifference, and eyes frost,
In the full tide of song were lost;
Each blank infatuation memory void,
The poets glowing thoughts supplanting,
And, while his harp responsive wrung
It was thus the latest Minstrel sang.

Prayer

Robert Southey.

Bright on the mountains heavy slope
The day's last splendours shine,
And rich with many a radiant hue,
Glam'ring on the spine.

And many a one from Wadsworth's walls
Along the river throned, strolled
As rustling over the pleasant stream
The evening gales came cold.

So as they stried a swan they saw
Sail steadily up and strong.
And by the silver chain she drew
Her little boat along. —

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Tho: — Campbell —

Lines on Poland.

And have I lived to see ~~thee~~ sword in hand
Apprise again, immortal Polish land,
Whose flag brings more than chivalry to mind,
And leaves the tricolor in shade behind;
A theme for uninspired lips too strong;
That swells my heart beyond the power of song:
Majestic man, whose deeds have dazzled faith,
Ah! yet your fate's suspense arrests my breath;
Whilst, sniffing ~~butoms~~ barded to shot and steel,
I feel the more that fruitlessly I feel.

Poles! with what indignation I endure
Th' half polygyn servile mouth that call you poor
Poor! is it England mocks you with her grief,
Who hates, but dares not chide, th' Imperial thief?
France with her soul beneath a Bourbon's thumb,
And Germany that has no soul at all,

States, quailing at the Giant overgrown,
Whom Dauntless Poland grapples with alone.
No, ye are ~~wick~~ in fame we're in whildest ~~ye~~ bleed;
We cannot tell you we are gods indeed.

In fatal defiance — in the world's great eye,
Poland has won her immortality.

The Butcher, should he touch her bosom now,
Could not tear Glory's garland from her brow;
Wretched, fallen, the victim falls renown'd,
And all her ashes will be holly ground.

But turn my soul, from passages so dark:

Great Poland's spirit is a deathless spark
That's fann'd by Heaven to mock the Tyrant's rage:
She, like the eagle will renew her age;

And fresh historie plumes of fame put on,

Another Athens after Marathon,

Where eloquence shall subdue, arts refine,
Bright as her arms that now in battle shine.

Come — should the heavenly shock my life destroy
And shut its flood-gates with excess of joy;

Come, but the day when Poland's fight is won — 21
And on my grave — stone shine the morrow's sun —
The day that sees Warsaw's cathedral glow
With endless signs vanished from the face,
Her women lifting their fair hands with thanks,
Other pious warriors kneeling in their ranks,
The scutcheon'd walls of high heraldic boast,
The odorous altars' elevated host,
The organ sounding through the aisle's long glooms,
The mighty dead seen snapp'd o'er their tombs,
John, Europe's saviour — Poniatowski's fair
Resemblance — Hosiusko's shall be there;
The taper'd pomp the Statevja's swell,
Shall o'er the soul's devotion cast a spell,
Till visions cross the rapt enthusiast's glance,
And all the scene becomes a waking trance.
Should fate put far — far off that glorious scene,
And gulfs of havoc interpose between,
Imagine not, ye men of every clime

Who act, or by ^{your} sufferance share the crime,
Your brother Abe's blood shall vainly plead
Against thee "Deep damnation" of the deed.
Germains, ye view its horror and disgrace
With cold phosphoric eyes and phlegm of face.
In ^{the} ~~America~~ profound insincerity, bore,
And Minstrel art. — her shame is but the more
To dole and doom by governments oppressed,
The spirit of a book — warm in each breast.
Well can ye mouth fair Freedom's classic line,
And talk of Constitution's ^{sir} your wine!
But all your vows to break the tyrants yoke
Expire in Bacchanalian song and smoke!
Heaven's! can no ray of foresight pierce the lead
And mystic metaphysic of your heads,
To show the self same grave, Oppression doth
For Poland's rights, is y^ening for yourse^{lves}
See, whilst the Pole, the Wangari and France,
Has ^{vaulted} on his back and coulch'd the lance.

France turns from her abandon'd friends afresh,
And southerst the bear that prowls for patriot flesh;
says, ignominious purchase. short repose,
With dying curses and the groans of those
That served, and loved, and put in her their trust.

Brenchmen! the dead accuse you from the dust
Brows laurel'd - bosoms mark'd with many a scar:
For France - that were her legion's noblest star,
Last dumb reproches from the field of death
On Gallie honour; And thine broken faith
Has robb'd you more of fame - the life of life
Than twenty battles lost in glorious strife.

And what
And what of England - is she step'd so low
In poverty, erst fallen and palsied so,
That we must sit much ~~south~~, but timorous more,
With Murder knocking at our ^{cloak'd} neighbours' doors.
Not Murder mask'd and ~~lock'd~~, with hidden knife,
Whose owner ~~dares~~ the gallows life for life;
But Public Murder - that with pomp and gaud,

And royal scorn of Justice, walks abroad
To wring more tears and blood than ever were wrong'd
By all the culprits Justice ever hung!
We read the Diadem's assassin's taunt,
And wince, and wish we had not hearts to pant
With useless indignation — sigh and frown,
But have not hearts to throw the gauntlet down.

If but a doubt hung o'er the grounds of pray,
Or trivial rapine stopp'd the world's highway;
Were this some common strife of states embroil'd,
Britannia on the spoiler and the spoil'd
Might calmly look, and asking Time to breathe
Still honourably wear her olive wreath.
But this is darkness combatting with light:
Earth's rever'd Principles for Empire fight
Oppression, that has belted half the globe.
Caspas his knout could reach or dagger probe,
Holds rocking o'er our brother — freeman slain
That dagger shakes it at us in disdain;

Sallek big to freedom's states of Roland's thrall,²⁵
And, trampling one, contemps them one and all.

My country's colours not thee once proud brou
At this affront.²⁶ Hast thou not fleets enough
With Glory's streamer, soft as the bark,
Gave fluttering ^{bearing} ~~sail~~ bark,
To warm th' insulters seas with barbarous blood,
And interdict his flag from ocean's floor.²⁷
Even now far off the sea-cliff where I sing,
I see, my country and my Patriot King,
Your ensign glad the Deep. Boreas ²⁸ and slow
A war ship rides while Heaven's prismatic bow
Upris't in behind her on th' horizon's barks
Shines flushing through the tackle, shrouds, and stays,
And wraps her giant form in one majestic blaze.
My soul accepts the omen; Fancy's eye
Has sometimes a gracious augury.
The rainbow types Heaven's promise to my sight;
The ship Britannia's interposing Night.

But if there should be none To bid you, Poles,
Ye'll but to prouder pitch wind up your souls,
Above example, pity, praise or blame,
To sow and reap a boundless field of fame.

Ask all no more from stations that forget

Your championship — old Europe's mighty debt.
Though Poland's Plazaus-like has burst the gloom,
She rises not a beggar from the tomb:

In fortune's frown, on Danger's deepest brink,
Repair and Poland's name must never sink.

All ills have bounds — plague, whirlwind, fire, and flood:
Even Power can spill but bounded sums of blood.
States carrying not what Freedom's price may be,
May late or soon but must at last be free;

For body-killing & tyrants cannot kill

The public soul — the hereditary will

That downward as from sive to don it goes

By shifting basements more intensely glaze.

Her heirloom is the heart, and sloughed men
Fight fiercer in their orphan's o'er again

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Poland recasts through rank in heroes old,
Her man in more and more heroic mouth:
Her eagle ensign best among mankind
Becomes, and types her eagle — strength of mind.
Her praise upon my faltering lips aspiret:
I assume it younger bards and nobler lyres.

The Power of Russia

So all this gallant blood has gush'd in vain!
And Poland by the Northern Condor's beak
And talons torn, lies prostrated again.
O, British patriots, that were wont to speak
Once loudly on thise theme, now hush'd and meek
O, heartless men of Europe! Goth and Gaul!
Cold, adder-deaf to Poland's dying shriek; —
What saw the world's last land of heroes fall
The brand of burning shame is on you all, all-all.
But this is not the drama closing act.

Its tragic curtain must uprise anew,
Nations, mute accessories to the fact.

That up-as-tree of power, whose fostering dew
Was Polish blood, has yet to cast over you
The lengthening shadow of its head estate—

A deadly shadow, darkening, Nature's hue—

At all that's hallowed, righteous, pure, and great,
Wo, wo, when they are reach'd by Russia's withering ha.
Rte.

Russia, that on his throne of adamant,
Consults what nation's breast shall need be gored:

He on Polonia's Golgotha will plant
His standard fresh; and, horde succeding horde,
On patriot tomb stoned he will whet the sword,
For more stupendous slayments of the free.
Then Europe's realms, when their best blood is spilt,
Shall miss thee, Poland! as they bend the knee,
All all in grief, but none in glory likening thee.

Why smote ye not the Giant whilst he reel'd?
O, fair occasion, gone for ever by!

To have lock'd his lances in their northern field,

Innocuous as the phantom chivalry

That flames and hurtless from yon boreal sky.

Now wave thy pennon, Russia, o'er the land

Once Poland; build thy bristling castles high;

Dig Dungeons deep; for Poland's wrested brand

Is now a weapon new to widen thy command

An awful width! Norwegian woods shall build

His fleets; the Swede his vassal, and the Dan

The globe of fifty kingdoms shall be tild

To feed his dazzling, desolating train,

Camp'd sunless, twixt the Black and Baltic

main:

Brute hosts, I own, but Sparta could not write,

And home, half-barbarous, bound Achaias' chain:

So Russia's spirit, midst Slavonic night,

Burns with a fire more dread than all your polished

light.

But Russia's limbs / so blunder'd statesmen say /

Are crude, and too colossal to cohere.
O, lamentable weakness! reckoning weak
The strippling Titan, strengthening year by year,
What implement lacks he for war's career,
That grows on earth, or in its floods and mines,
(Eighth sharer of the inhabitable sphere,)
Whom Persia bows to, China ill confines,
And India's homage waits, when Albion's star
declined.
But time will teach the Russ, even conquering
War's handmaid arts: ay, ay, the Russ will learn
All sciences that speed Bellona's car;
All murder's tactic arts, and win them too;
but never holier Muses shall imbue
His breath, that's made of nature's basest
The sabre, knout, and dungeon's vapour blue
His laws and ethics: far from him away
Are all the lovely Nine, that breathe but
Freedom's day.

Say, even his serfs, half-humanized, should learn
Their human rights, — will Mars put out his flame
In Russian bosom? no, he'll bid them burn
A thousand years for nought but martial fame,
Like Romans: — yet forgive me, Roman name!
None could impart what Russia never can;
Proud civic rights to save submission's shame,
Our strife is coming; but in freedom's van
The Polish eagle's fall is big with fate to man.

Proud bird of Gold! Mohammed's moon recited
Before thy swoop: had we been timely bold,
That swoop, still free, had stunn'd the Russ, and foild
Earth's new oppressors, as it foiled her old.
Now thy majestic eyes are shut and cold:
And colder still Polonia's children find
The sympathetic hand, that we on thold.
But, Poles, when we are gone, the world will mind,
Ye bore the brunt of fate, and bled for human
kind. —

So hollow & dry have ye fulfilled your part,
My pride repudiates even the sigh that blends
With Poland's name - name written on my heart.
My heroes, my grief-consecrated friends!

Your sorrows, in nobility, transmuted
Your conqueror's joy: his cheek may blush; but shame
Can tinge not yours, though the exile's tear detenus;
Nor would ye change your conscience, cause, and name,
For him, with all his wealth, and all his felon fame.
Thee, Niemcewicz, whose song of stirring power
The bear forbids to bound in Polish lands;
Thee Bartoryjzki in thy banish'd bower,
The patricide, who in thy palace stands,
May envy proudly may Polonia's bands
Abhor down their swords at Europe's feet in scorn,
Saying - 'Russia from the metal of these bands
Shall forge the scutts of your sons unborn;
Our setting star is your misfortune's rising morn.'

Farys Mieszał Babińskiego. [karola, 1845]

C' i ja niegdyś byłem farysem.

Leż egz i wywiecie, co farys znany.

Aha! niech step mówi swoim opisem.

Obrzydza, obrzydza niech wytłuszczy!

On ty tko pedes prawde rwan powiód
Jemni wiez wiertej jak poranow.

Farys - step mówi - to Dziecię moje.

Po dach testkach sieba trawiony

Kestany lataj na iżgi te boje;

Na ciągtych pragmien' jar niegaszony

A tak mu trzeba sieba i stonie
He ty tko za nim pedi bez konia!

I nie go u przejcie wtynmai' niedale.

Ani urociej uenie oazy,

W. Bedainka głosiem aniota

I blaskiem swym milnym sto razy

Prone potury! - bo tacy jenie

Rochają tytka sieba i stonie.

Wież jam byd goniem - i goniów bardem -
Ludne to bylo to nase grono!

Na taw mylę wieczne w stonie zwrocona
Prztem ramieniem miodrioniem, bardem,
Po prawej nieba p krawedzia swiata,
Sili się spoj - wiezla, sie z brata.

Patrue tam - wholo piasszyte wygora
Chby umyslnie stanę mogity.

Czarem sie z glets skleśt wy mroka
Spytej skleśtow, tem one były...

Itk' te mogity Arabistanu...

To tylko stary stop kuraganu!

On to farysów pochłonął w sobie.

Pochłonął, iż weem braci kochanych.

Ja'm tylko jas rostał na grobie
Na grobie goniów - jui zapomnianych...

Czy to jest faska cy kara nieba

Allah ryć karat - wiec pyć potreba.

Jak miodre wole z ramienem skrytrem,
Co sie jui nigdy w niebo nie umiescie,

Zyc, jyciem gadi, gnisinem, prabrigdem,
W ych slobodnych morow czasnym rakresie...

Ma, proine stale, piecjas Papaco.

Tylko kabawnie - so niciaptacie.

O, wiecna hanbo, wiecna promoto.

Ja farys, piecjas sie bios natohiny,

Pien' ma na ricskie prostrasias tony

Pien' ma przekwiat maty za rato.

By nem okupil uen durnij stoczy
Sub aguszy, netty sydrace smiechy.

Oni niewiecja ie wieszka piecie

jeft jako stonie na siebie sklepia,

Co na wszekwstne koga skimiecie

Swieci wierowcom bladzycem w stepie

A przewis stanu sieptacise za to,

He diec adwennhy poi okarata.

Oni niewiecja ie wiecna piecwy

Jak ou niewiecja ogen mitowat,

Koga niebianiske swoje wykowy

Nic' nie niepragnie prosi wrazenost.

Sprawdzać miloce' hanba kobiecie!'
Sprawdzać śpiczwy — hanba pociecie!

Pocieci ta hanba wloki, sis' iycie.
Aheha! jak Dargysis mnie drogo.
Sjescere nierał klos' niby skrycie,
Niby pocieku powie; za drogo.
Na droga mówie... powiedzie braic
W jakiejże uż cenie iycie sprawdacie...
Bo stuchaj... pieśń moja to czekla iycia
Tam jest krew moja, tam ta ty moje,
S mego serca głos tzwane bicia
Suwał moich i myśli roje.
A kiedy iebu dołtać, wyjawić,
Mazę wprzód serca moego rokrewawic!

Wieć co? za drogo... o' budecie sunosi.
Gdyby was przynieść iyciem szmaragde,
Jab' ja, pelikan, rózgwał pierś;
Przy krowi ra uż kłota dołtarzycę,
W jakiejże uż cenie. Spyla kropelka
Krowi lub ty warnej — choćby niewielka...

Wzgarnia wieczna w chwili tworzenia
Do bóles' matki w chwili porodu —

He wiatrycia do swojego ploda

Tyle wieatrycia do swojego istnienia —

He on piśmi dla was atwory,

Otyta krokon grob swoj przespyty.

Crasem w dółku — szare oklaski

Surec cy rwoone — wyrisko m'jedno.

(Knam tyk) blyskawie pretalne blaski.

(Knam iek) grentownosi i twarod' bledna;

Wane pochwaly. — toe' to ryderko;

Wane pochwaly. — toe' to blamienko.

Gdy syn rospama piecie modlacki

W grob, co mu droga matki ukrywa,

Ciem memowicie, je ślicznie placi

Ciem memowicie, je ślicznie spiewa.

Jak ta tea syna na matki grobie

Gdy samy sacerosi spiew moja sobie.

A wiec porucie marne pochwaly,

Gdy spiew moj swiety jak ta syna.

Nie latke swiene wiecznom przystaty.

Widzę takie wiernie Dopeć przeklina.¹
Doch jego wielki i wieczny młody
Inny — o innej radości nagrody.¹

Nagroda piecy — to cisa owa
Śwista, urocza, z której odgadnie,
że w duszach wielki zamias się knowa,
Co przedys' święta nagromi wrześniowicie.¹
Cisa, co mówi, ie ziarno wschodzi
I myśl — kwiat wkrótce owoe — wynproduci.¹

Nagroda piecy to te spojenia,
Co święta co krym duszy wulkanem.
Prostkie, mierzące doni ścismienia
I westchniemieni dugo w pierś i głowiem;
Iowa chmura ciemiąca erota,
I której polyska miecz Archaniota.

To mi nagroda!... ja'm ja' obierał
W koto mnie stali bracia fary,
Randy piecy moje sercem porwa,
Pon' ma wrikata w ich twarz rady,
W krew tych serc wielkich, w ich myślą gniaido

Smita iż w drodze powodnia gwidow. 30

Gazzy senkli. — głuchy na stepach.
A w stepie pyja, och! smutnej jesieni
brasami tylko wiatr rozleśnie
Smie po wywianych uank stepach.
On wszysko wywieli. — wszysko powiato,
Co bylo enota prawdziwa chwataj.

O! innie pora spociec w mogile,
naszej snem braci bogosławionych.
Ai krewi, krewi ra mieraw' tyle
Dzi glos Allaha budzacy nipionych
Na dwor rajskie swota ogrody,
Sja niebiańskie donar nagrody.
W tym boskim raju, w tem siodnym niebie,
W waszej ojyczeni, o prawowieni!
Allah mnie wielki werwie do siebie,
Pochamie mi z glowy ten wiecze z cierni
Simijet tyta krowi przeknigla,
Wywie mi a serca pamie przeknigla
In najduńniejsze werwie Dicowice

I roknie starcie jak Radzachę!
Ja, — i niespojrz nawet w ich lice,
Ale z pokorą powiem: Allah!

Jas' tylko prawdy suka na świecie?
Czy taka miłość przejęta w kobiecie?

Niekaż huryssy! Koiby piękniejszej
Od tej, co in nigdyś kochał na ręce
Ten ja nie gardzę dary twojemi —
Ja tylko teki błagam pętli mniejszej
Dla wszystkie, wszystkie twoje huryssy
Niech wstaną moi bracia farsy...

Sporwół, porwół choiby na chwilec
Ktaperii nam jesien w nasz kraju farsów
I w dawniej nasiem mrodnierej sile

Pobijek orlik lotem farsów.

I pierci dawnym oierowiu biciem,
Dawnym nasiem rabłysnać biciem!

Allah wybuchła — runet gromiące złoto
Wystrasz w głosi spisey dty farsów,
I okryk wiecia buhać w niebiosy...

[brak 3 ostatnich wersów]

Nie opuszcza nas
piękni

Do Matki Boskiej.

Nie opuszcza nas, nie opuszcza nas
Matko nie opuszcza nas / bis /
Matko prowadzi bo płacemy,
Matko prowadzi bo egimy
Urz nas kochaj i chow cierpienie
Urz nas cierpieć, lecz w milczeniu.

Nie opuszcza nas, nie opuszcza nas
Matko nie opuszcza nas, Matko nie opuszcza nas!

Nie opuszcza nas i. t. d.

Le dniowego zie, ~~Ty~~ przypisuj,

Gdy to życie ter dolinę

Dusza smutkiem ramroczona

Pod ciemarem Krzyża konia

Nie opuszcza nas i. t. d.

Nie opuszcza nas i. t. d.

Wyjezdato Twe westchnienie

Nie jednemu już zławienie
Kto swę ufnoś w Tobie żyły
Nowem laski rykiem żyły.
Nie opuszczać nas itd.

Nie opuszczać nas itd.
I dla tego Twoje Imię
W sercach naszych nie zapomnieć.
Będniem wotai, błagaj prosić
Wrzędnie rawnie ciesi Twą głosię!
Nie opuszczać nas itd.

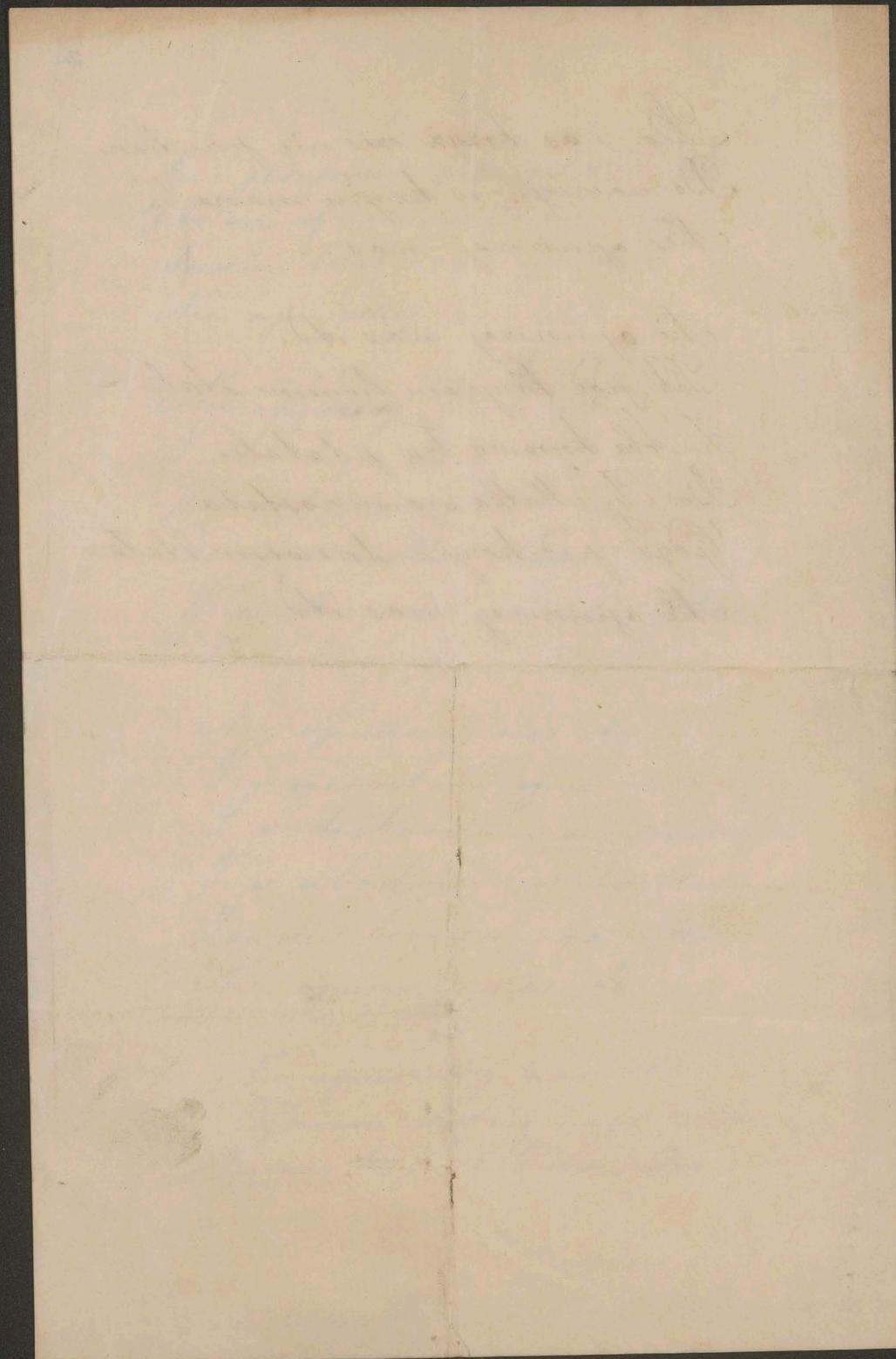
Nie opuszczać nas itd.
I w sierociwie opuszczeniu
I w bęsknocie i w ciernieniu
I w ubóstwie i w chorobie
Zawsze bedziem ufać Tobie!
Nie opuszczać nas itd.

Nie opuszczać nas itd
Pojdąm chętnie drogę kryją
Bo nas kryją do Ciebie bliżej

Do nas kryz dzis nie przestrassa
 Do nadzieja w kryzma nasza!
 Nie opuszcza nas... .

nie opuszcza nas itd.

Tak pod kryzem bdom stali
 Z Tobą krewawa tra ptakali
 Bo Ty Matka nam rostata
 Gdyś pod kryzem drewnem stala
 Nie opuszcza nas itd.



Ojciec Nasz

Ojciec nasz który jest w niebie
 Niebie z pokorą otaczamy
 Razaj Ojczyzna w potrzebie
 Wsparcia swojego czekamy

Swięci się Panie Twoje wrogowie
 Nasz Swiatoły Ojciec i Panie
 Niechaj polskie wolność bądzie
 Wspierają nasze wolanie

Panie porządku Kołestwo Twoje
 Rozrządrzaj serce naszane
 Daj nam rawnie takią Twoją
 Współczesną decyzję Twojemu

Niechaj bądzie Twoja Wola
 Tak w niebie jak i na ziemi
 Daj iżyska nam ta niemota
 W której umieszczenia iebremy.

A chleba nam powszedniego
 Daj drie o Panie prosimy
 Współczesny nie skaruny ednego
 Niech tylko wtarany ryżowy.

Daj nam go decyza i rawnie

A my wiernie będzieś chwalić
Twoje rędy najświętszawne
Leż tylko na nas ocalić

M ogniu nam naucze winę
Bo my wrogom odpieramy
Niek Rycerko z naszej kraju
Wyjdź o to by błagany

Nie wiedź nas na pokucie
Obu zdobywać narody
Daj nam ostatnie wypuszczenie
I z rycerstwa udziel rycodę

Ale nas zbaw od - tego
Od niewolniczej smutki
Od radościów Twojich własnego
Daj bojaźni Bożej i malej
Starej

Chasko Chrystusa, Najświętsza Maryjo,
 Z jękiem przychodzim do Twoego ołtarza;
 Lud Twój bezbronny, drzki wrog zabija;
 Rąbie krzyż Paniński, Twój obraz zmiewa!

Twojej litosci błagamy ze łzami,
 O Chasko naszą przyjazni się za namu!

Ca Jasnaj góra ukoronowana,
 Królowo Polska, zwroti na nas Twoje oczy,
 Za nasze grzechy przebłagaj nam Pana,
 Ofiaruj krew,że której wrog z nas dory.

Twojej litosci . . .

Choi srogie jarzmo egniotto harki nasze;
 W sercach jest miłosi, nadzieję i wiara;
 Odkryjem piersi na straty, patasze;
 Niech nam Czaryne odkupi offara!

Twojej litosci . . .

Tys w Częstochowie święta nasza Pani,
 Broniąc lud Twój od potęgi Szweda;
 Dris gdy nas gnebią moskiewscy Tyrani,
 Kiehaj Twoje ramie upasć Polsce wie da!

Twojej litosci . . .

W Bogu nadzieję nasza i obrona,
I w Tвојj pomocnej Maryjo przyzynie,
Przy Tвојj pomocy jedem się pokona;
Usiąpią sorogi i Polska nie zginie!

Twojej litości . . .

W innych narodach którym wolności swieci,
Obudź współczucie nad nieszczęsnym ludem,
O Matko! Matko! wystuchaj Tвоje drzici,
Whreba nam Ojczyzna jakimkolwiek ludem!

Twojej litości . . .

Gdy Pan Zasłpieć darcia nas ostoni,
Dowstanie nasra Ojczyzna kochana,
Zwignie się silnia z niesiłce swoich toni,
I będąc chwata Imieniu Pana!

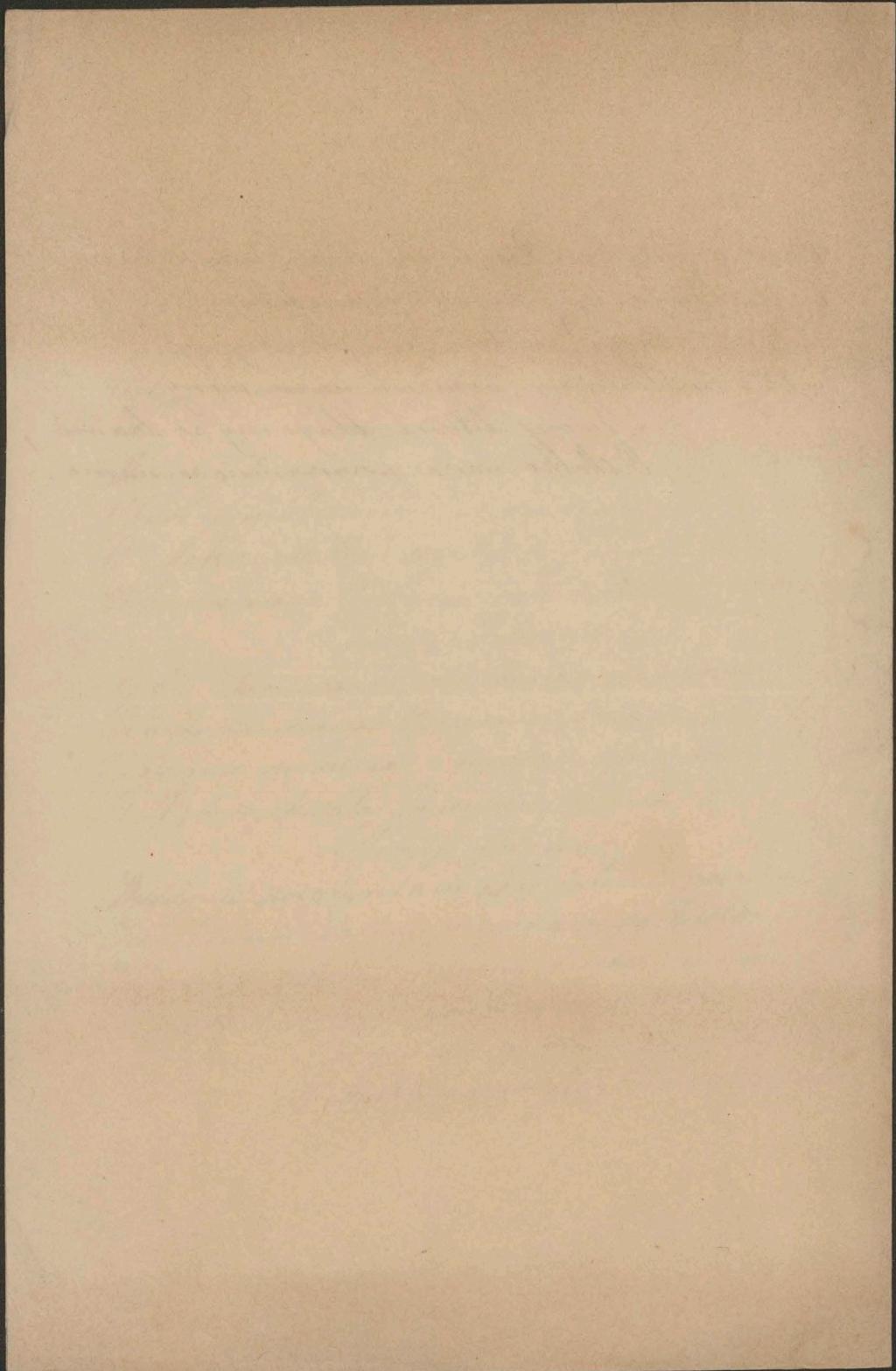
Twojej litości . . .

Wtedy w świętyniach złożę zatości pienią,
Te Trami okińcji wniosąsię do Ciebie,
Zabronią radosne hymny dręckery nienia,
I nasie swięci pośród je w niebie

Twojej litości błagamy re Trami,
O Matko nasra jorygi się da marni!

Cresci i chwala Bogu i o Proięci jedynemu,
Ojcu, Synowi, Duchowi Twiemu,
Stawa Maryi! so dla Jej prozyyny
Bog milosierny, odpuści nam swiny!

Twojej litości błagamy re brami,
O Matko naszą prozyyni się ra nami.



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Rodziłem się w Atenach Magnat mu odpowie, i
I byłem Wielkorządcą jak moi przodkowie: /a

Lecz ponieważ należycie, /e /a /e
Byłem chory całe życie,

Dlatego też w czynnościach weale nic niezdążył, /o /b
do kraju powierzonym mój sekretarz rządził — /r/ /e
Ale ty co robiles? jadłem, pilem, spałem,
A to co mi poddano wszystko podpisalem + /v/ /e
Więc dalej z nim do raju, za taką gorliwość!

Tu Merkury zawoła gdzieś jest sprawiedliwość?
Zapomniawszy na grzeczność w takowej osnowie / /i /b
Nie gniewaj się mój bracie pluton mu odpowie,
I czyli niesłyszalę przyjacelu drogi,
Że nichoszczyk był głupi jak stołowe nogi:

Gdyby więc ten Jegomość, z taką ciaśną głową | /
 Był się kiedy zatrudnił czynnością rządową;

Jak to bywają zwyczaje,
 Zgubił by ludzi i kraje;

A ty który tak jesteś na niedolą tkliwym,
 Niestarczył byś uśmierzać piaczu nieszczęśliwym;

I dla tego to według słuszności zwyczaju, / /
 Mój poczciwy nieboszczyk musi iść do raju —

O ileż to jest takich | z których w każdym względzie, / /
 Nie jeden ztąd uszedłszy, pewno w Raju będzie.



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